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# The People.

SPECIAL EDITION.

No. 2,201.

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## HEIGH-HO! FOR A JOLLY CHRISTMAS!

### GAY PROGRAMME FOR THE HOLIDAY.

**EARLY RUSH TO SEASIDE AND THE CONTINENT.**

### THE SHOPPING CARNIVAL.

**INDOOR AND OUTDOOR ATTRACTIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.**

The holiday spirit is already abroad, and yesterday the railways were busy taking folks to the "old home," to the seaside and to other resorts for Christmas.

The King and Queen left London for Sandringham, where there will be a family party.

In spite of the exodus, the metropolis has been invaded by thousands of visitors from the country and the Continent.

According to the weather forecast there is likelihood of sleet or snow during the festive season.

**WITH** Christmas but two days ahead, the whole of the country has completed its preparations for a truly festive season. With the exception of a few tardy souls Christmas presents have been bought and the larders are bulging with good things to eat.

Throughout the world, folks will eat their Christmas dinners, quaff wines, indulge in time-honoured toasts, and give way to a riot of enjoyment.

The King and Queen were among the many thousands who left London yesterday for various destinations.

restaurants have gone out of their way to provide tempting Christmas fare. There will be something for everybody at everybody's price.

Dancers may dance their fill and dine heartily. Theatre-goers have a wonderful spread of entertainments from which to select, and listeners-in will be charmed with an exceptional programme arranged by the B.B.C.

Provision shops were exceptionally busy last night, and there was an ample supply of everything. Turkeys, geese and fowls were in abundance. Good English turkeys were selling at about 12s. 6d. each, while Irish and French only realised on the average 8s. 6d.

Holly and mistletoe were plentiful, but the former lacked berries.

The toy shops were crowded out all through the day by enthusiastic young purchasers. Many a boy took full advantage of a day's half-day to take him round and indicate what they wanted to make their Christmas happiness complete.

**SHOPPING BY CANDLELIGHT.**

Inconvenience to Christmas shoppers was caused last night in West Ham by the failure of the electric light. Tradesmen used candles in their shops.

**CHRISTMAS WEDDINGS.**

Hundreds of couples were married in the Metropolis yesterday, and over 400 weddings at St. Paul's created a record for that district.

**TRAGEDY.**

Mrs. Sears, of St. Luke's, Jersey, the mother of six children, was hanging up decorations in the kitchen when her dress caught fire and she was badly burned, dying from her injuries in hospital.

**WEATHER HITS SPORT.**

One Rugby League match—at St. Helens—only Southern League (Eastern) match—at Northampton—and two Rugby Union matches in London were called off yesterday, owing to the unfit state of the grounds.

Snow stopped racing at Lingfield.

**IT'S THAWING.**

The rapid thaw yesterday in the East Surrey hills filled the tobogganers' hearts with disgust and regret. They had been watching and waiting for the happy moment in the afternoon when they would be free for a glorious run, but the change in temperature turned the countryside into a mass of slush.

Before entering his saloon the King sent for Superintendent McBrien, of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard, and wished him the compliments of the season.

As the train moved off Lady May Cambridge, and the Earl of Athlone shook hands with the King and Queen. They then waved farewell until the Royal party were out of sight.

All the trains going to seaside destinations were packed to overflowing, many of them having to be run in two portions. Some of the Great Western expresses were run in triplicate.

**SEASIDE LURE.**

It seems as if more people than ever are going to the sea for Christmas, mainly, perhaps, for the chance of having a really carefree holiday at one or other of the hotels, which offer such splendid programmes of attractions at small cost.

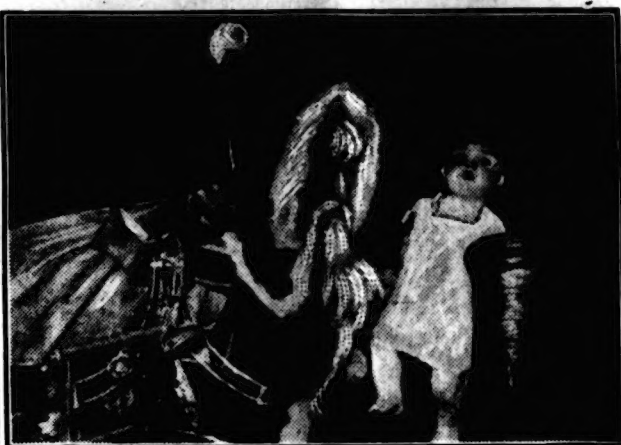
Cornwall and Devon are especially popular owing to the recent snap of cold weather in London.

Marbleham and Liverpool-st. stations were crowded by holiday-makers, and special arrangements are being made to cope with heavy traffic to-day and to-morrow.

Euston and St. Pancras presented scenes of animation which rivalled those experienced during the summer holidays. The excursions to Scotland and Ireland proved wonderfully popular, and most travellers took advantage of the company's arrangement of booking seats on these trains.

In spite of the exodus, however, London has been invaded by visitors from the country and the Continent. For every trainload that departs another arrives.

Those who stay at home will be able to have an extra jolly Christmas at comparatively small cost. Hotels and



Last night was Santa Claus' Christmas dress rehearsal, so no wonder he looks just a wee bit anxious.

### GIRL SHOT IN SWEET SHOP.

**FORMER LOVER ARRESTED.**

**DRAMA OF RING.**

**TIED TO MAN'S NECK BY BOOTLACE.**

While shopping was at its height in George-street, Hastings, last night, a man rushed into a sweet shop belonging to Messrs. Lang, and, producing a revolver, is alleged to have fired point blank at a young woman behind the counter.

The girl, Miss Elsie Palmer, manageress of the shop, was struck in the breast and collapsed immediately.

She was at once taken in a motor ambulance to the East Sussex Free Hospital, where she lies in a critical condition.

Police Constable Smith, who was on point duty just outside the shop, had gone inside a moment before the incident to ask Miss Palmer to look after his cape.

As he was speaking to Miss Palmer he heard someone enter the shop and Miss Palmer said to this person, "Go out of it."

**LL-G.'S BAND BANNED.**

**DISCORDANT ECHOES OF THE ELECTION.**

At a meeting of the Llandudno Council Councillor W. S. Williams called attention to the fact that on the night when Mr. Lloyd George addressed an election meeting in the town, members of the town band, which is subsidised by the council, turned out to head the procession to conduct him to his hotel, and asked for an assurance that in future the band would not be used in support of any political candidate.

The chairman, Mr. A. Hewitt, said he would make inquiry and report to the next meeting as to who authorised the band to play.

"If this is true, will it disqualify Mr. Lloyd George?" asked a councillor amid laughter.

"That has nothing to do with us," commented the chairman.

It was announced yesterday that owing to slight indisposition Mr. Lloyd George had been obliged to postpone his intended visit to Criccieth, and to cancel all existing arrangements.

He will remain at his residence at Chort until his complete recovery.



General inference.—Depressions are situated near the Shetlands and over the North Sea. Winds will continue from W. or N.W., mainly moderate or fresh, but stronger in places. Over most of the Kingdom weather will be colder again, with variable skies and local showers, mostly slight. South-West England, South Wales, and the south of Ireland will probably experience the present mild conditions for a further period, with mainly cloudy or dull weather and occasional rain or drizzle.

London S.E. England E. Midlands W. Midlands S.W. England S. Wales

Further Outlook.—Unsettled weather continuing; some rain and probably further sleet or snow; changeable temperature.

Immediately there was the report of a shot and Miss Palmer sank to her knees.

The constable closed with a man who was in the shop, and after a brief struggle took a revolver from him.

An assistant, Miss Holland, went to Miss Palmer and attended her until the arrival of a doctor.

The young man whose name is given as Walter James Edward Wright, of Hastings, was taken to the police station and charged with attempted murder. In his possession, it is alleged, was found a revolver with one exploded cartridge in the breach and a full one in the magazine. A number of rounds were found in his pockets.

He seemed greatly distressed. When he was taken from the shop to the taxi which was to convey him to the police station a crowd which had gathered outside showed some hostility, but the detectives hustled him in without any harm occurring.

The man and the girl are well known in the district, being often seen together on a motor-cycle, she riding on the pillion seat.

Miss Palmer and Wright had been engaged for 4½ years, but the young woman had recently broken it off. This, it is stated, had much upset Wright.

When Wright was searched an engagement ring, suspended from a bootlace, was found round his neck.

**COUPLE SHOT DEAD.**

**BULLETS FIRED AFTER A DOCTOR WAS ASKED FOR.**

A young couple were found shot dead in a house at Heriot-hill-terr., Edinburgh, last night.

A revolver lay near the bodies, and it seems from the wounds that three shots had been fired.

They were Fredk. Allan (22), an electrician, believed to belong to Salford, Cheshire, and Clara Stockton, or Allan (20), his wife, whose home is said to be at Levenshulme, Manchester. They had occupied a furnished room at Heriot-hill-terr. for about three months.

Their landlady, startled by hearing a shot, rushed to the door, and found Allan bleeding profusely. "Bring the police and doctor," he gasped. "I am bleeding to death."

The woman rushed off in alarm, but then she heard another shot, and, returning to the room, she found that Mr. and Mrs. Allan were both lying shot through the head.

**GIANT LINER'S LUCK.**

**UNDAMAGED AFTER RUNNING AGROUND.**

A preliminary inspection of the Leviathan indicates that there is no damage. She will be kept at Hoboken Pier until March for regular overhauling, said an Exchange message last night.

The giant liner grounded in the mud on Robbins Reef in New York Harbour. She was carrying 900 passengers and was completing what it was hoped would be a record voyage.

The vessel got out of her course owing to fog. She was refloated later.

**IMPALED MAN'S FLUCK.**

**ASKED FOR A CIGARETTE AFTER FALL ON RAILINGS.**

A window cleaner, George Cooper, of Brierley-hill, Beckenham, met with a terrible accident while on a ladder cleaning a window at Beckenham.

He fell and became impaled on some iron railings outside the house. One of the spines penetrated his thigh to the bone. Passers-by released Cooper, who, while waiting for an ambulance, exhibited great courage, asking for a cigarette, which he lit up, but by the time the ambulance arrived he had fainted from the pain and loss of blood.

He was taken to Croydon General Hospital, where he is progressing as well as can be expected.

### DIVORCED ACTRESS'S OTHER NAME.

**FRENCH STAGE BAN.**

**MISS EDITH KELLY AND FRANK J. GOULD.**

Paris, Saturday.

The efforts of Mr. Frank Jay Gould to prevent his former wife, Miss Edith Kelly, from using the name of Gould on the bills announcing her appearance as a dancer at the Alhambra here, have at length met with success.

Mr. Frank Jay Gould is an American millionaire and coal "king." He obtained a divorce from Edith Kelly in France in 1919, the validity of the decree being contested by Miss Kelly in London and New York. Mr. Gould remarried early this year Miss Florence Lacaze, an actress.

The Referees' Court had refused to grant the desired injunction on the ground that American law allowed a woman after divorce to retain her married name.

The Civil Tribunal decided to-day, however, that the French law held good in the case in question and prohibited Edith Kelly from appearing at the Alhambra under the name of Gould.

The Court further ordered that for each contravention of the injunction Miss Edith Kelly should be liable to a fine of five hundred francs and the Alhambra management to a fine of a thousand francs.—Central News.

### GREEKS CALL FOR VENIZELOS.

**"COMPLETE LIBERTY OF INITIATIVE."**

Will M. Venizelos return to Athens? That is the question which is exercising the minds of politicians and diplomats in view of the dramatic events in Greece during the last few days.

King George of the Hellenes has gone into exile, yielding to the demand of the Revolutionary Government, which in turn was acting at the request of the army and navy, who declare that the election results show that the nation is overwhelmingly in favour of the Republic.

The King has gone to join his father-in-law, King Ferdinand of Rumania. Admiral Condouriotis, the Greek Regent, has been installed at the Royal Palace at Athens, and is conferring with political and military leaders regarding the situation.

Reuter reported from Athens yesterday that the Council of Ministers had instructed Colonel Plastiras to ask M. Venizelos, without any conditions and with complete liberty of initiative, to return to Greece to take the political situation in hand.

A special article on the career and personality of M. Venizelos appears in Page 8.

**MR. KELLOGG ON HIS WAY.**

Mr. Frank Kellogg, the new American Ambassador, sailed from New York for England yesterday, his 67th birthday, says Reuter.

"My ambition is to preserve and make stronger the present peaceful and cordial relations between Britain and the U.S.," he declared.

### GIRL BOUND IN HYDE PARK.

**UNCONSCIOUS IN THE SNOW.**

**ARMS TIED TOGETHER.**

An amazing discovery was made in Hyde Park, London, yesterday.

A girl, aged about 20, was found lying unconscious in the snow beneath the verandah of the private entrance to the Hyde Park police station. Her hands and wrists were tied together behind her back with bootlaces.

How the girl got there is a mystery. The discovery was made by two park-keepers employed by the Office of Works, who were engaged in sweeping the snow away from the footpath.

Efforts were made to rouse her in the police station. When a doctor was summoned he ordered her removal to St. George's Hospital, where she now lies.

Her hat was found a hundred yards away from the verandah.

The girl is unable, even after recovering consciousness, to make any statement as to how she came there, and the police are making an inquiry.

**M.P.'S BRAVE CHILD.**

**SEVEN YEAR OLD GIRL RESCUES HER SISTERS.**

A thrilling rescue of her two baby sisters from injury by a motor-car in a Nottingham street was achieved by Grace, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. Arthur Hayday, M.P. for West Nottingham. Grace, the sixteenth of a family of eighteen, crossed the road in advance of her sisters, but seeing their peril rushed back and, pushing the youngsters out of danger, fell in front of the car. She was bruised from head to foot, but otherwise unhurt.

### THE CATTLE SCOURGE.

**COMPENSATION COSTS A MILLION AND A HALF.**

So serious has the scourge of foot-and-mouth disease become that a drastic step has been taken by the Ministry of Agriculture in its efforts to stamp out the disease.

Hunting, coursing, and whippet racing will be prohibited, and after to-morrow in all foot-and-mouth disease infected areas in Great Britain.

The order applies to hunting with hounds, beagles, or other dogs of any deer, fox, otter, badgers, hare, rabbits, or other wild animal or vermin.

Friday's total of confirmed cases was fifty-two, an extension of the outbreak being reported among the Earl of Guildford's herd in Kent.

The Press Association states that the High Commissioner for Australia has been asked by the Commonwealth Government to warn shippers that it is proposed to issue as early as practicable a proclamation under the Quarantine Act, prohibiting the importation into Australia of cattle, sheep, swine and goats from Great Britain and Ireland.

Yesterday, further cases in the mid-Cheshire area were notified, one being at Davenham and the other at Little Lough. While South Cheshire has been swept by the scourge, mid-Cheshire until the past three or four weeks has been fairly immune, but now farmers at Winsford, munc, but now farmers at Winsford,

## THE BUSIEST HOLIDAY ATTRACTION IS "SCARAMOUCHE"

So BOOK NOW

FOR

**Xmas & New Year**

TO-NIGHT at 6.0 and 8.30

WEEK-DAYS 2.30, 5.30 & 8.30

(All Distinct Performances.)

6-6

**NOTE.—This is REX INGRAM'S GREATEST TRIUMPH BY FAR, AND BY FAR LONDON'S GREATEST SUCCESS.**

Based on Rafael Sabatini's Famous Novel.

With ALICE TERRY (seen above), RAMON NOVARRO, LEWIS STONE, and Cast of 100.



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(The Home of the Famous Performers)  
Identifying the finest pictures  
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**EXCLUSIVE FILMS ONLY**



**Every Scrap of the Turkey**

After Christmas Day, the family gets rather tired of Turkey—it is served so many times before it is eaten up. Using a little Bisto, you can make the scraps of Turkey into a variety of tempting, appetizing dishes.

**BISTO**  
for  
all Savoury Dishes







## Cures Like 1 o'clock

A London cure's remarkable testimony. Mr. Fred Barnes, The Palladium, London, W., writes: "I think 'Galloway's' Cough Syrup is simply wonderful. I always keep it on my dressing table. It immediately relieves hoarseness, and greatly assists me during my strenuous work of three performances daily." Every Singer or Public Speaker will know how quickly the voice tires through the throat and chest becoming sore from continual use. 'Galloway's' Cough Syrup soothes the throat, chest and lungs, giving almost instant relief.

Every dose of 'Galloway's' Cough Syrup is a cure for a cold, cough, but see that it is 'Galloway's'.

## GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by Chemists and Druggists. Price 1/6 per bottle. 1/3 per bottle. 2/6 per bottle. 5/6 per bottle. 1/1 per bottle. 1/2 per bottle. 1/4 per bottle. 1/8 per bottle. 1/16 per bottle. 1/32 per bottle. 1/64 per bottle. 1/128 per bottle. 1/256 per bottle. 1/512 per bottle. 1/1024 per bottle. 1/2048 per bottle. 1/4096 per bottle. 1/8192 per bottle. 1/16384 per bottle. 1/32768 per bottle. 1/65536 per bottle. 1/131072 per bottle. 1/262144 per bottle. 1/524288 per bottle. 1/1048576 per bottle. 1/2097152 per bottle. 1/4194304 per bottle. 1/8388608 per bottle. 1/16777216 per bottle. 1/33554432 per bottle. 1/67108864 per bottle. 1/134217728 per bottle. 1/268435456 per bottle. 1/536870912 per bottle. 1/1073741824 per bottle. 1/2147483648 per bottle. 1/4294967296 per bottle. 1/8589934592 per bottle. 1/17179869184 per bottle. 1/34359738368 per bottle. 1/68719476736 per bottle. 1/137438953472 per bottle. 1/274877906944 per bottle. 1/549755813888 per bottle. 1/1099511627776 per bottle. 1/2199023255552 per bottle. 1/4398046511104 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## CLEANING UP THE STAGE.

### DANGERS BEHIND THE SCENES.

#### LURES TO GIRLS.

#### 3 YEARS' CAMPAIGN.

Bogus managers and undesirable generally who exploit the stage and prey upon the chorus girl are to have no quarter from organisations engaged in an intensive campaign against them.

Formerly exploiters were able to achieve their objects without let or hindrance, and many a stage-struck girl has had reason to regret falling into the hands of unscrupulous men.

Foremost among the organisations that are waging a successful war on pests of the stage is the Actors' Association.

Mr. Alfred Lugg, its secretary, can tell innumerable tragic stories of girls who have been lured into a position of helplessness, and then brought face to face with the prospect of either sacrificing their moral scruples, or starving.

A typical instance he gave to a representative of "The People" yesterday was too revolting to be described here in full, but sufficient may be recorded to show the utter lack of principle which characterises men who lay traps for the unsuspecting chorus girl.

#### SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"This girl," he said, "was engaged at a small salary, and on the first day the manager saw her privately and made overtures which she indignantly declined to entertain. The result was that she was at once dismissed, the manager giving her £1 and telling her if she wanted any more she must sue him for it.

"To take up that engagement cost her altogether £4, and all the compensation she had was £1 and a spell of unemployment.

"I could narrate many similar instances where a girl has been given the choice of living in immorality or being thrown out of work.

#### CHARGERS STAMPEDE.

##### DISCIPLINE MAINTAINED IN DASH THROUGH STREETS.

Excitement was caused in Windsor yesterday afternoon when seven horses belonging to the First and Second Life Guards, stampeded from a grazing field a little distance out of the town.

Sense of discipline evidently still remained, for they continued in single file as if in parade, and thus, clearing their way safely through the traffic, charged into the main street, causing great alarm to Christmas shoppers, who ran in all directions. The situation looked ugly when Mr. Shaw, a Windsor resident, intervened, and with great presence of mind, turned the animals into a side street.

The horses, however, continued their mad career, and Mr. Shaw followed them on a bicycle along Victoria-street, where a woman crossing a road with a baby in a perambulator had a narrow escape. She was panic-stricken when a spectator went to her assistance, and piloted her out of danger. Nobody seemed able to stop the horses, but Mr. Shaw stuck to his task and eventually they were turned by the crowd, which by this time had gathered, into the Great Park.

Headquarters were notified and a search party succeeded in recapturing several of the animals, but it is expected that the remainder will be at liberty for some time as the park is in considerable size.

The remarkable feature of the affair is that the horses remained in single file formation the whole of the time.

#### THE BRITISH BREED.

##### MAGISTRATE'S TRIBUTE TO A BRAVE LABOURER.

"As long as England breeds men like you, so long may we face the future with confidence, and look our enemies in the face.

This was the tribute paid by Mr. Disney, the Thames magistrate, yesterday to Geo. Boorman, a labourer of St. George's, in the East, who rescued a boy from drowning by plunging in the Thames fully clothed.

Mr. Disney presented Boorman with a certificate granted by the Royal Humane Society, and a silver watch given by the Carnegie Heroes' Trust Fund.

In order to get to the boy Boorman had to jump on a barge, and thence into the water.

#### DINING RETORT.

##### Restaurant Proprietor's Scorn with Discharged Waitress.

Allegations that Alice Mortell, a waitress, slapped his face and bit his hand were made at Willenden Police Court yesterday by James O'Neill, a restaurant proprietor, of High-st., Kilburn, who summoned the woman for assaulting him.

O'Neill said that Mortell was dirty in her work, and when told to be cleaned, which was not the work of a waitress with any self-respect.

She was bound over.

#### THE CALL OF THE SEA.

##### Trevoan Survivor Unable to Resist It.

So strong is the call of the sea in the blood of K. W. Flynn, a Plymouth man, and a survivor of the ill-fated ship, Trevoan, which sank in the Indian Ocean, the survivors making Mauritius after a sensational voyage in two open boats, that he declined an offer to remain ashore over Christmas, and on the eve of the festival he will set sail again, this time in the Trevoan, a sixty ship to the Trevoan.

By a curious coincidence, he will, on his first voyage after his terrible experience, travel exactly the same route, on the homeward trip passing over the spot where the Trevoan sank.

#### BRIEF BLISS.

After spending a honeymoon of three days with his bride, Thomas Raymond Gray, a Grimsby journeyman, deserted her, and has refused to let her hear from him. On the application of the wife the magistrate at the local police court made maintenance order of £15 weekly against Gray, who did not attend.

"In our campaign to cleanse the stage of such evils the chief difficulty we have had to contend with is the great increase in the number of cheap shows. Since the war these have multiplied at an enormous rate and have to a considerable extent driven out the legitimate dramatic actor.

"These companies in very many cases pay extremely low wages, and when, as is frequently the case, they do not take enough money, they refuse to pay wages at all. Many artists are so badly paid that work practically all the year round means nothing better than a hand-to-mouth existence.

Even at this season of the year there is terrible unemployment, and all the homes and institutions which cater for the chorus girl are full.

"The stage is overcrowded, chiefly because of the activities of bogus managers and undesirable, and if we could root them out there would be greater opportunity for the legitimate artists and the legitimate manager.

"There is nothing wrong with the stage once it is cleansed and purified, and now that we have obtained our charter we shall continue our campaign with greater vigour than ever before.

"Since 1919 we have had a standard contract, which stipulates, among other conditions, the payment of not less than £3 10s. a week to a chorus girl, and £3 a week to an actor.

"This has undoubtedly raised the tone of the work and improved the conditions in the better-class theatres. As showing the need for our constant vigilance, I may mention that in 1921 we tackled no fewer than 125 bogus managers, and last year about 75.

"This year the efforts of the Joint Protection Committee, which consists of our own association and the other stage unions and the Touring Managers' Association, have resulted in 120 cases being dealt with, while we have at the moment 75 others under observation.

"Any manager who pays girls less than a living wage must know that there is grave danger of their being driven to immorality, and so we intend to carry on the work until under-payers leave the profession altogether."

#### "ON THE LINE."

##### R.A.'s TO PAINT RAILWAY POSTERS.

At the invitation of the London Midland and Scottish Railway, a number of Royal Academicians and Associates of the Royal Academy have consented to join in a great poster campaign. The originals of the posters which will appear in the spring, are being painted by the artists.

The artists who have already accepted are: Royal Academicians: Messrs. Frank Brangwyn, J. A. Arnesby Brown, D. Y. Cameron, G. Clausen, M. Greiffenhagen, George Henry and Richard Jack, Sir David Murray, Messrs. Julius Olsson, Charles Sims and Adrian Stokes, Sir Bertram Macdonald and Sir William Orpen. Associated: Messrs. Campbell Taylor, F. Cayley Robinson, Augustus John and A. Talmage.

It was Mr. Norman Wilkinson, the marine painter, himself a pioneer in railway posters, who proposed the scheme. Mr. Wilkinson's idea was that there was a great opportunity to improve the standard of poster art, and to give the public better posters to look at. The response from the Academicians was most gratifying. In nearly every case the artist has expressed himself pleased to support this movement by designing a poster.

An irreverent comment made is that the artists can at least be certain of being hung "on the line."

#### BUYING WISDOM.

##### THE MAGISTRATE AND THE OLD ADAGE.

Making a second appearance within three days for working lame horses, Ernest Mills, a youth of 19, in business for himself at Barnes as a contractor, was told by Mr. Francis that he had better take advice before he bought another animal.

Defendant was admonished by Mr. Chapman on Wednesday, and let off with a nominal penalty in respect of a lame horse, working at Knightsbridge, which had cost him £60. He was advised by Mr. Kirk, veterinary surgeon, at the suggestion of the magistrate, to have the animal treated and rested, which could have been arranged at a small institution for a small weekly payment. He ignored this suggestion and sold the animal for £25. This was an aged animal, and, by a curious coincidence, the same constable who had brought the first charge stopped him the second time when the new horse, very lame and with tight, ill-fitting harness.

Defendant said he bought the second horse in the dark, but he had a warranty.

Mr. Francis: There is an old adage that fools and money are soon parted. Now there will be a fine of 40s. and costs.

#### ORDERS ARE ORDERS.

A taxi-driver who was refused payment after his cab had been ordered by telephone was awarded the amount he claimed by the Willenden magistrate, and a substantial amount extra.

Fred, Blake, the driver, said that after the call he left the rank but was delayed a few minutes by the traffic.

On arrival at the house of Mrs. Simpson, of Willenden Green, who ordered the cab, she said she did not want the taxi. "I telephoned for a taxi a quarter of an hour ago," she added.

The magistrate awarded Blake 1s. 6d. the amount claimed, and 15s. personal costs for loss of time.

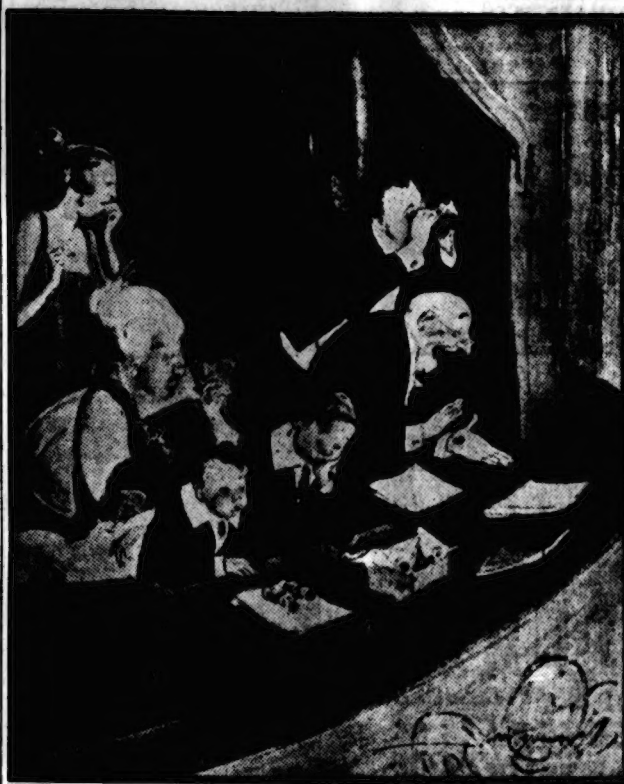
#### SURGE AT EIGHTY.

##### Fear of Cancer Despite Medical Men's Reassurances.

Fear of cancer was said to have led to the suicide of Miss Maria Riches (60), of Ryland Crescent, Shepherd's Bush, who was found dead with her head in the gas oven.

Miss Riches had undergone an X-ray examination, it was stated at a Hammer-smith inquest yesterday, but although told the slightest trace of cancer was discovered she insisted on going to a Harley-st. specialist, who confirmed that view.

A verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was recorded.



THE PRINCIPAL BOY.

(Reproduced by permission of "The Bystander." Artist, Bert Thomas.)

## WORLD'S GREATEST SUBMARINE.

### BRITAIN'S WONDERFUL NEW UNDERSEA CRAFT.

Britain's new giant submarine X1, returned to Chatham dockyard yesterday after a thirty-eight hours' secret trial in the Channel.

The machinery of the wonder vessel of the undersea was submitted to severe tests, and the final touches will now be applied to the submarine, which will commission early in the New Year.

The X1 is the world's largest submarine, displacing 3,500 tons, this being considerably greater than that of the German submarine Deutschland, and almost equal to the displacement of a light cruiser of the Cardine class. Her speed of 33 knots makes her the world's fastest submarine, and her armament of guns is unequalled for underwater craft.

A feature of the X1 is that particular attention has been paid to the standard of comfort in the quarters of the officers and men, who number one hundred. The introduction of a canteen also is unprecedented. The new vessel has been designed for convoy chasing.

### "THE FELLOWSHIP" will fascinate you.

See page 11.

#### "CARNEGIE, OLD BOY."

##### WOMAN'S BEGGING LETTER TO PRINCESS MAUD'S HUSBAND.

While on his honeymoon in Paris with his wife, Princess Maud of Fife, Lord Carnegie received a letter purporting to have been written by a Captain Hill.

The letter began: "Dear Carnegie, Sorry, old boy, for troubling you in such happy times—and asked for help for a widow who had lost her husband and eight children within a year.

The writer suggested that Lady Carnegie might like to help.

There was a sequel yesterday at Matlock, when Winifred Christina Allport, the domestic servant employed by a doctor, was charged with writing the letter.

She was fined 40s.

#### A STREET MOSAIC.

##### POLICEMAN HELD UP BY WOMAN REVELLER.

A respectfully dressed woman, charged at West London Police Court with being drunk and disorderly, was stated to have come up to a police officer who was holding his arm up to stop the traffic, and to have said: "I'll hold this arm up, ducky, and you can hold the other up yourself."

Mr. Lankester: That's like the gentleman who assisted Moses to hold his arm up during the battle.

The defendant said she could not remember the incident.

"Well, it is Christmas," remarked Mr. Lankester, "so you will only be bound over."

#### LONDON ITEMS.

"Cattle Plague" is Prebendary Carille's topic this evening at the Monument Cinema Church.

By an order in Council, St. Paul's, East Ham, is to be constituted a separate parish.

West Ham Council propose that workmen's tickets on trams shall be issued up to 9 a.m.

In a fire at Chestnut-st., West Norwood, S.E., Mary Fairlie Reece (73) was burned to death.

A special service of Christmas music and carols will be given to-day at 8.30 p.m., at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand.

On January 9 the Lord Mayor will attend, at the Savoy Hotel, the inaugural banquet of the International Advertising Convention to be held in London in July.

The Thames Angling Preservation Society yesterday netted the reservoir at Hampton-on-Thames and Sunbury to obtain fish for the new aquarium at the Zoo.

Mrs. L. Pennington-Bickford, wife of the rector of St. Clement Danes, Strand, W.C., appeals for assistance to provide Christmas cheer to the flower girls of the district whose trade has suffered severely during the bad weather.

## NO AERIAL "SMOKERS."

### AIR MINISTRY'S NEW YEAR BAN ON TOBACCO.

Smoking is prohibited in all British aircraft, and in all foreign aircraft while over Great Britain and Ireland under the terms of a new order which comes into force on January 1, 1924.

This effectively bars the way to the flying of smokers in aerial liners.

Other regulations provide for the issue by the Secretary of State of journey log books for each individual aircraft, the engine log books now in use being superseded.

#### STEEPLE "JILL'S" FEATS.

##### WOMAN AS PROFESSIONAL CHIMNEY CLIMBER.

Lincoln has suddenly discovered, in the course of recent chimney-felling operations, that it possesses a steeple "jill," believed to be the only woman engaged in her perilous trade in the country.

When off duty she wears ordinary feminine garb, but for professional purposes dons trousers.

She has climbed tall chimneys at Gloucester, Harrow, Folkestone, and elsewhere without detriment to her nerves, though one chimney, at Gloucester, "rocked fearfully" during her ascent.

#### ARTERIES SEVERED.

##### THRICE-WOUNDED MAN TAKEN FROM RIVER.

When the body of John W. Scott (29), the son of Capt. J. Scott, of Goolie, was recovered yesterday from the River Ouse, there were wounds in the throat, and the arteries in both arms were severed.

Fifty yards away, on Westfield Island, an unrequited spot, a blood-stained razor was discovered.

Scott was last seen alive on Friday, when he told his mother he was going to Leeds Infirmary for treatment of skin disease.

#### SINGING AT 105.

##### WONDERFUL OLD DAMES IN ROMFORD INFIRMARY.

The two centenarians at Romford Infirmary—Granny Chandler and Sophia Mills—are preparing to entertain their fellow inmates during the coming festivities. At yesterday's meeting of the Guardians the Visiting Committee reported that they found Sophia Mills rehearsing, to the delight of the other old dames, several of whom are well over 80. Although 105 years of age, she sang "Ben Bolt" with wonderful clearness.

Granny Chandler, who is nearly 105, has not sung lately as she has not been well, but she hopes to be fit for the festivities. She also has an extensive repertoire and sings well.

#### BLAZING CRADLE.

##### Grandmother Seriously Burned in Rescuing Infant.

A blazing cradle and a grandmother's desperate attempt to rescue the burning infant figured in a Paddington basement drama last evening.

Mrs. Fanny Garthman, aged 75, was badly burned in trying to save her three-months-old granddaughter, and both were removed from the house in Ashmore-st. to Paddington Infirmary.

The woman is stated to be in a precarious condition.

Just to the nick of time firemen rescued two children, Violet Helen Margery, three years old, and Walter William Margery, aged one year, from a burning building in Glasshouse-st., Albert Embankment, last evening.

#### KILLED GOING ABOARD.

##### London Man's Fatal Injuries at French Port.

Paris, Saturday.

Mr. John Robert Thompson (36), whose home is in Dunston-rd., Dalston, met his death at Boulogne-sur-Mer this morning.

He was boarding the steamer Victoria when he fell back into a cutter and sustained fatal injuries to his head.—Central News.

At the Public Schools Headmasters' Conference at Winchester yesterday a discussion took place on hygiene in Public Schools, and a resolution was carried declaring it desirable that there should be systematic instruction on the subject.

## EDDIE VIVIAN LIMPS INTO COURT.

### AMAZING STATEMENT. "EVERYBODY REGARDS ME AS A MURDERER."

James (Eddie) Vivian, who was the chief witness for the prosecution in the Brixton taxi-cab murder, appeared at the Wimbledon court yesterday with John Dawson on two charges of breaking and entering residences in Wimbledon Park and North Wimbledon and stealing jewellery therefrom to the value of £78.

Dawson had been before the court on several occasions, and had been remanded until Vivian, who was injured, when alleged to be escaping by means of a water pipe from a house in St. George's-rd., Southwark, was able to attend. He was discharged yesterday morning from Guy's Hospital, where he has been since the accident, and taken to Wimbledon in a taxi-cab.

Vivian, who had to be assisted into court, limped to a chair in front of the dock, and was allowed to be seated. He appeared to be in pain. Dawson stood in the dock behind.

Detective Sergeant Baker said that in company with Detective Sergeant Hunt he saw Vivian at Guy's Hospital and told him the charge against him.

Vivian said, "I am not guilty, and I don't know anything about it."

At the police station, added witness, Vivian said:

"I don't know anything about it. I am quite innocent. People are against me and striving to get me into prison for the past three months in consequence of false accusations against me in connection with Mason's trial."

"Everybody regards me as a murderer, but God knows I am innocent. I also wish to say that since the trial of Mason my life has been threatened, and I have been told that if I do not clear out of the country quick they would do me in or have me put in prison."

"I wish to say the name I was living under and the address at Camberwell were known to the police. I wrote to the Commissioner, and the nearest police station, Brixton, knew where I was."

"I have been in close communication with Scotland Yard and the Brixton police for the past three months, and for the last three months I have been entirely on my own and have not associated with anybody."

Continuing, witness said Vivian signed the statement, "J. Vivian." The prisoner Dawson was present when Vivian was charged. He heard the charge read over and made no reply.

When accused were asked if they had anything to ask the witness, Dawson said, "When Vivian made that statement about his life being threatened what did he mean?"

Vivian, turning to Dawson, said, "I did not mean by you."

Prisoners were remanded until Friday.

## GOBLIN'S XMAS PRANKS.

### GAY OLD TIME IN NEW HOUSE.

#### ORANGE AS MISSILE.

The Christmas festivities of Monkton Heathfield, a village near Taunton, are being enlivened by the doings of a "goblin," who, forsaking ivy-clad castles, has ensconced itself in a newly built house.

The residence in question was erected for his own occupation by a Mr. Gardiner, a jolting builder, and during the last few days articles of furniture have been moved about the house without apparent human agency and so uncanny has the situation become that Mr. Gardiner and his son no longer sleep there.

The trouble began a week ago, when an extraordinary noise was heard and Mr. Gardiner was struck on the back of the neck by an orange which a moment before had been lying on a plate on the dresser.

Other inexplicable occurrences were described by neighbours yesterday to a Central News representative. A chair jumped from the floor on to the back of a match-box which was on the table in the kitchen suddenly rose several feet into the air and then fell to the ground.

A pair of boots emerged backwards from the cupboard, and two prayer books and a large pocket album fell from a bookshelf to the opposite side of the room.

The climax was reached when amazed witnesses saw a lamp rise from the table and gracefully volplane to the kitchen floor. These things have happened not only at night but during mid-day meals, when knives have moved from one end of the table to the other and the pepper box has taken to walking.

No explanation has been found for the phenomena, which have only occurred when the owner has been present.

#### HUNTING FIELD DEATH.

##### EX-M.P.'S SURVIVES BROKEN NECK FOR SIX DAYS.

At an inquest held at Lyndhurst, New Forest, yesterday, on Col. R. V. Cooke Hurle, who died from injuries received in the hunting field, it was stated that notwithstanding a broken neck caused by being thrown from his horse, he lived for six days.

A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

The deceased, who was 51 years of age, was a former master of the New Forest Hounds, and a well-known sportsman.

Master Tebbutt, son of Mrs. Tebbutt, Welton Grange, Leicestershire, has been lying unconscious for two days in Lutterworth Hospital. He was seated in a governess-car, watching the meet of the Pychley Hounds, when a horse lashed out with his hind legs and kicked the youth clean out of the car.

## Another Cheery Sole—and why!

HE'S in the best of spirits—Christmas is almost here—and whether it hails, rains or snows he is happy and secure in the knowledge that wet feet chills cannot rob him of any of the joys of Yuletide.

His footwear is 'DRI-PED' Soled—guaranteed absolutely waterproof—guaranteed to wear twice as long as best ordinary leather—guaranteed to save half on footwear bills.



#### CAUTION.

All 'DRI-PED' Soled Footwear bears the word 'DRI-PED' in the famous

'DRI-PED' purple diamond stamped every few inches on each sole. Look for the Diamonds when you buy—firmly refuse substitutes.

ALWAYS INSIST ON HAVING

## DRI-PED SOLED

THE SUPER LEATHER FOR SOLES

DOUBLE-WEAR BOOTS AND SHOES

Always insist on having guaranteed double-wear Dri-ped soles.

## Dri-ped, the Sole of Honour

WITH DRI-PED Double-wear Soles and PUHT-KEEN Double-wear Uppers you have boots which are trustworthy and dependable under all conditions. When ordinary leather would have let you down, DRI-PED is on duty protecting you against the cold and damp, thus proving itself the Sole of Honour.

No. 1. Full Chrome Real Box Calf or Tan Willow, leather lined throughout, made on the "Hand-sewn Principle." Sides and half-sides, and different widths. Will take a splendid polish. An ideal winter boot. Soled with genuine Dri-ped. Price 21/-

Also made in an Oxford Shoe and a Derby Boot, both in Box Calf and Tan Willow Calf.

SINGLE BOOT SENT ON APPROVAL.

(If remittance is sent for a pair, MONEY

carefully REFUNDED if not delighted.)

W. ABBOTT & SONS, LTD. PHIT-EESI.

Foot Dept.: 60, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.







Start this  
New Serial  
To-day.

# THE FELLOWSHIP

by  
EDGAR WALLACE.

AN ENTHRALLING  
STORY OF LOVE  
AND MYSTERY

## CHAPTER I.

### At Maytree Cottage.

**A** DRY radiator coincided with a burst tyre. The second coincidence was the proximity of Maytree Cottage on the Hornham-road. The cottage was larger than most, with a timbered front and a thatched roof. Standing at the gate, Richard Gordon stopped to admire. The house dated back to the days of Elizabeth, but his interest and admiration were not those of the antiquary.

It was the girl, in the red-lined basket chair, that arrested his gaze. She sat on a little lawn in the shade of a mulberry tree, with her shapely young limbs stiffly extended, a book in her hand, a large box of chocolates by her side. Her hair, the colour of old gold, an old gold that held life and sheen; a flawless complexion, and when she turned her head in his direction, a pair of grave, questioning eyes, deeper than grey, yet greyer than blue.

She drew up her feet hurriedly and rose.

"I'm so sorry to disturb you," Dick, hat in hand, smiled his apology, "but I want water for my poor little Lizzie. She's developed a prodigious thirst."

She frowned for a second, and then laughed.

"Lizzie—you mean a cat? If you'll come to the back of the cottage I'll show you where the well is."

He followed, wondering who she was. The tiny hint of patronage in her tone he understood. It was the tone of a matured girlhood addressing a boy of her own age. Dick, who was thirty and looked eighteen, with his smooth, boyish face, had been greeted in that "little boy" tone before, and was inwardly amused.

"Here is the bucket and that is the well," she pointed. "I would send a maid to help you, only we haven't a maid, and never had a maid, and I don't think ever shall have a maid!"

"Then some maid has misused a very good boy," said Dick, "for this garden is beautiful."

She watched the process of filling the bucket, and when he carried them to the car on the road outside, she followed.

"I thought it was a—what did you call it—Lizzie?"

"She is Lizzie to me," said Dick stoutly as he filled the radiator of the big Rolls, and she will never be anything else. There are people who think she should be called 'Diana,' but those high-born names never had any attraction for me. She is Lizzie—and will always be Lizzie."

She walked round the machine, examining it curiously.

"Aren't you afraid of driving a big car like that?" she asked. "I should be scared to death. It is so tremendous and... unmanageable."

Dick paused with a bucket in hand.

"Fear," he boasted, "is a word which I have expunged from the bright lexicon of my youth."

### Ella's Father.

For a second puzzled, she began to laugh softly.

"Did you come by way of Welford?" she asked.

He nodded.

"I wonder if you saw my father on the road?"

"I saw nobody on the road except a sour-looking gentleman of middle age who was breaking the Sabbath by carrying a large brown box on his back."

"Where did you pass him?" she asked, interested.

"Two miles away—less than that. And then, a doubt intruding: 'I hope that I wasn't describing your parent!'"

"It sounds rather like him," she said without annoyance. "Daddy is a naturalist photographer. He takes moving pictures of birds and things—he is an amateur, of course."

"Of course," agreed Dick.

He brought the buckets back to where he had found them and lingered. Searching for an excuse, he found it in the garden. How far he might have exploited this subject is a matter for conjecture. Interruption came in the shape of a young man who emerged from the front door of the cottage. He was tall and athletic, good-looking. Dick put his eye at the door.

"Hello, Ella! Father back?" he began, and then saw the visitor.

"This is my brother," said the girl, and Dick Gordon nodded. He was conscious that this free and easy method of getting acquainted was due largely, if not entirely, to his youthful appearance. To be treated as an inconsiderable boy had its advantages. And so it appeared.

"I was telling him that boys ought not to be allowed to drive big cars," she said. "You remember the awful smash there was at the Hornham cross roads?"

"You are wrong when you think this is a difficult car to drive—won't you experiment? Or perhaps your brother?"

The girl hesitated, but not so young Bennett.

"I'd like to try," he said eagerly. "I've never handled a big machine."

"That he could handle one if the opportunity came, he showed. They watched the car gliding round the corner, the girl with a little frown gathering between her eyes, Dick Gordon oblivious to everything except that he had snatched a few minutes' closer association with the girl. He was behaving absurdly, he told himself. Life, a public official, an experienced lawyer, was carrying on like an irresponsible, love-stricken youth of 19. The girl's words emphasised his folly.

"I wish you hadn't let Ray drive," she said. "It doesn't help a boy who is always wanting something better, to put him in charge of a beautiful car... perhaps you don't understand me. Ray is very ambitious and dreams in millions. A thing like this unseats him."

The older man came out at that moment, a black pipe between his teeth, and, seeing the two at the gate, a cloud passed over his face.

"Let him drive your car, have you?" he said grimly. "I wish you hadn't—it was very kind of you, Mr. Gordon, but in Ray's case a mission kindness."

"I'm very sorry," said the penitent Dick. "Here he comes!"

The big car spun towards them and halted before the gate.

"She's a beauty!"

Ray Bennett jumped out and looked at the machine with admiration and regret.

"My word, if she were mine!"

"She isn't," snapped the old man, and then, as though regretting his petulance: "Some day, perhaps you'll own a fleet, Ray—are you going to London, Mr. Gordon?"

Dick nodded.

"Maybe you wouldn't care to stop and eat a very frugal meal with us?" asked the older Bennett to his surprise and joy. "And you'll be able to tell this foolish son of mine that owning a big car isn't all joy-riding."

Dick's first impression was of the girl's astonishment. Apparently he was unusually honoured, and this was confirmed after John Bennett had left them.

"You're the first boy that has ever been asked to dinner," she said when they were alone. "Isn't he, Ray?"

Ray smiled.

"Dad doesn't go in for the social life, and that's a fact," he said. "I asked him to have Phil Johnson down for a week-end, and he killed the idea before it was born. And the old philosopher is a good fellow and the boss's confidential secretary. You've heard of Maitland Consolidated, I suppose?"

Dick nodded. The marble palace on the Strand Embankment in which the fabulously rich Mr. Maitland operated, was one of the show buildings of London.

"I'm in his office—exchange clerk," said the young man, "and Phil would do a whole lot for me if dad would pull out an invitation. As it is, he's deemed to be a clerk for the rest of my life."

The white hand of the girl touched his lips.

"You'll be rich some day, Ray dear, and it is foolish to blame daddy."

The young man groveled something under his hand, and then laughed a little bitterly.

"Dad has tried every get-rich-quick scheme that the mind and ingenuity of man—"

"And why?"

The voice was harsh, tremulous with anger. None of them had noticed the reappearance of John Bennett.

"You're doing work you don't like. My God! What of me? I've been trying for twenty years to get out. I've tried every silly scheme—that's true. But it was for you—"

He stopped abruptly at the sight of Gordon's embarrassment.

"I invited you to dinner, and I'm pulling out the family skeleton," he said with rough good humour.

His voice and manner were those of an educated man. Dick wondered what his occupation he followed, and why it should be so particularly objectionable that he should be seeking some escape.

"You're a photographer, are you?" he said by way of making conversation.

The old man threw out a hand in a gesture of disparagement.

"In a way, I've fixed an arrangement to a crazy old camera, but it enables me to 'shoot' at these wild beasts without getting too close to them. I lay off at some distance, and set the camera working by means of an electrical attachment. There is a sale for these things. I'm no amateur, and this is one of my many, side lines. But there isn't a great deal of money in it, and it is very tedious waiting for birds to come back to their nests or ferrets and stoats to come out of their burrows. I have to lie for hours."

For a second their eyes met, the clear blue and the faded blue.

"Yes—I am the Assistant Director of Prosecutions," said Gordon quietly. "And I have an idea that you and I have met before."

The pale eyes did not waver. John Bennett's face was a mask.

"Not professionally, I hope," he said, and there was a challenge in his voice.

Dick laughed again at the absurdity of the question.

"Not professionally," he said with mock gravity.

On his way back to London that night his memory worked overtime, but he failed to place John Bennett of Hornham.

## CHAPTER II.

### A Talk About Frogs.

Mr. Richard Gordon was no business man in the strictest sense of the word. He had an instinctive perception of irregularity, which enabled him to smell a faked balance-sheet and lay his finger unerringly upon well-hidden defalcations, and he knew enough of business methods to frame an indictment in either case. But "business" as such was a mystery to him. Maitland Consolidated had grown from the small office to its present palatial proportions in a comparatively short space of time. Maitland was a man advanced in years, patriarchal in appearance, sparing in speech. Dick Gordon saw him for the first time as he was waiting in the small office to its present palatial proportions in a comparatively short space of time. Maitland was a man of middle height, bearded to his waist; his eyes almost hidden under heavy white brows; stout and laborious of gait, he came slowly through the outer office, where a score of clerks sat working under their green-headed lamps, and looking neither to the right nor left, walked into the elevator and was lost to view.

"That is the old man: have you seen him before?" asked Ray Bennett, who had come out to meet the car a second before. "He's a venerable old cuss, but as tight as a sound-proof door. You couldn't pry money from him, not if you used dynamite! He pays Philo a salary that the average secretary wouldn't look at, and if Philo wasn't such an easy-going devil he'd have left years ago."

Dick nodded.

"Maybe you wouldn't care to stop and eat a very frugal meal with us?" asked the older Bennett to his surprise and joy. "And you'll be able to tell this foolish son of mine that owning a big car isn't all joy-riding."

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Before they went into the pretty little dining-room, where a cold dinner was laid—it was Sunday—he showed the visitor his camera.

The girl was quiet throughout the meal. She sat at Dick's left hand and spoke very seldom. Stealing an occasional glance at her, he thought she looked preoccupied and troubled, and blamed his presence as the cause.

Apparently no servant was kept at the cottage. She did the waiting herself, and she had replaced the plates when the old man asked:

"I shouldn't think you were as young as you look, Mr. Gordon—what do you do for a living?"

"I'm quite old," smiled Dick. "Thirty-one."

"Thirty-one!" stared Ella, going red. "And I've been talking to you as though you were a child!"

one who was swallowing an unpleasant potion.

"They slipped me," he said. "The Frog arrived in a car—I wasn't prepared for that. Genter got in, and they were gone before I realised what had happened. Not that I'm worried. Genter has a gun, and he's a pretty tough fellow in a rough house."

Dick Gordon stared at and through the man, and then:

"I think you should have been prepared for the car," he said. "If Genter's message was well founded, and he is on the track of the Frog, you should have expected a car. Sit down, Wellingtondale."

The grey-haired man obeyed.

"I'm not excusing myself," he growled. "The Frog has got me rattled. I treated them as a joke once."

"Maybe we'd be wiser if we treated them as a joke now," suggested Dick, biting off the end of a cigar. "They may be nothing but a foolish secret society. Even tramps are entitled to their lodges and passwords, grips and signs."

Wellingtondale shook his head.

"You can't get away from the record of the past seven years," he said. "I can't tell you the fact that every bad road criminal we pull in has the frog tattooed on his wrist. That might be sheer imitation—and, in any case, all crooks of low mentality have tattoo marks. But in that seven years we've had a series of very unpleasant crimes. First there was the attack upon the charge d'affaires of the United States Embassy—bludgeoned to sleep in Hyde Park. Then there was the case of the President of the Northern Trading Company—clubbed as he was stepping out of his car in Park Lane. Then the big fire which

destroyed the Morley Rubber Stores, where four million pounds' worth of raw rubber went up in smoke. Obviously the work of a dozen fire bugs, for the stores consist of six big warehouses and each was fired simultaneously in two places. And the Frogs were in it. We caught two of the men for the Rubber job; they were both 'Frogs' and lost the totem of the tribe—they were both ex-convicts, and one of them admitted that he had had instructions to carry out the job, but took back his words next day."

"I never saw a man more scared than he was. And I can't blame him. If half that is said about the Frog is true, his admission cost him something. There it is, Mr. Gordon. I can give you a dozen cases. Genter has been two years on their track. He has been tramping the country, sleeping under hedges, logging in with all sorts of tramps, stealing rides with them and thieving with them; and when he's caught me and said he had been in touch with the organisation and expected to be initiated, I thought we were near to getting them. I've had Genter shadowed since he struck town. I'm sick about this morning."

Dick Gordon opened a drawer of his desk, took out a leather folder and turned the leaves of its contents. They consisted of pages of photographs of men's wrists.

"The frog is always on the left wrist, always a little lopsided, and there is always one small, black tattooed underneath," he said. "Does that strike you as being remarkable?"

The superintendent, who was not a brilliant man, saw nothing remarkable in the fact.

## CHAPTER III.

### The Frog.

It was growing dark when the two tramps, skirting the village of Morby, came again to the post road.

One was tall, unshaven, shabby, his faded brown coat was buttoned to his chin, his sagged and battered hat rested on the back of his head. His companion seemed short by comparison, though he was a well-made, broad-shouldered man, above the average height.

They spoke no word as they plodded along the muddy road. Twice the shorter man stopped and peered backward in the gathering darkness, as though searching for a pursuer, and once he clutched the big man's arm and drew him to hiding

behind the bushes that fringed the road. This was when a car tore past with a roar and a splattering of liquid mud.

After a while they turned off the road, and, crossing a field, came to the edge of a wide waste of land traversed by an ancient cart track.

"We're nearly there," growled the smaller man, and the other grunted. But for all his seeming indifference, his keen eyes were taking in every detail of the scene. Solitary building on the horizon... looked like a barn. Sussex County Council, this from the indicated ground littered with rusting trolleys, twisted Decourville rails, and pitted with deep, rain-filled holes. Beyond, on the sharp line of the quarry's edge, was a small wooden hut, and toward this Carlo led the way.

"So nervous, are you?" he asked, and there was a sneer in his voice.

"Not very," said the other coolly. "I suppose the fellows are in that shack?"

Carlo laughed softly.

"There are no others," he said; "only the Frog himself. He comes up the quarry-face—there's a flight of steps that come up under the hut. Good idea, eh? The hut hangs over the edge, and you can't even see the steps, not if you hang over. I tried once. They'd never catch him—not if they brought forty million cops."

"Suppose they surrounded the quarry?" suggested Genter; but the man scoffed.

"Wouldn't he know it was being surrounded before he came in? He knows everything, does the Frog."

He looked down at the other's hand.

"It won't hurt," he said, "and it's worth it if it does! You'll never be without a friend again, Harry. If you get into trouble, there's always the best lawyer to defend you. And you're the kind of chap we're looking for—there is plenty of trash. Poor fools that want to get in for the sake of the pickings. But you'll get big work, and if you do a special job for him, there's hundreds and hundreds of money for you! If you're hungry or ill, the Frog will find you out and help you. That's pretty good, isn't it?"

Genter said nothing. They were within a dozen yards of the hut now, a strong structure built of stout timber baulks, with one door and a shuttered window.

Motioning Genter to remain where he was, the man called Carlo went forward and tapped on the door. Genter heard a voice, and then he saw the man step to the window, and the shutter open an inch. There followed a long conversation in an undertone, and then Carlo came back.

## The Tables Turned.

"He says he has a job for you that will bring in a thousand—your lucky! Do you know Rochester?"

Genter nodded. He knew that aristocratic suburb.

"There's a man there that has got to be cooled. He comes home from his club every night by the 11.5. Walks to his house. It is up a dark road, and a fellow could get him with a club without trouble. Just one sneak and he's finished. It's not killing, you understand."

"Why does he want me to do it?" asked the tall tramp curiously.

The explanation was logical.

"All new fellows have to do something to show their pluck and straightness. What do you say?"

"I'll do it," he said.

Carlo returned to the window, and presently he called his companion.

"Stand there and put your left arm through the window," he ordered.

Genter pulled back the cuff of his old-fashioned coat and thrust his bare arm through the opening. His hand was caught in a firm grip, and immediately he felt something hot and wet pressed against his wrist. A rubber stamp, he said, the rapid pricking of a thousand needles, and he winced. Then the grip on his hand relaxed, and he withdrew it, looking wonderingly on the blurred design of ink and blood that the tattooer had left.

"Don't wipe it," said a muffled voice from the darkness of the hut. "Now you may come in."

The shutter closed and was bolted. Then came the snick of a lock turning, and the door opened. Genter went into the pitch-black darkness of the hut and heard the door locked by the unseen occupant.

"Your number is K 971," said the hollow voice. "When you see that in the personal column of the 'Times,' you report here, wherever you are. Take that!"

Genter put out his hand, and an envelope was placed in his outstretched palm. It was as though the mysterious Frog could see, even in that blackness.

"There is journey money and a map of the district. If you spend the journey money, or if you fail to come when you are wanted, you will be killed. Is that clear?"

"Yes."

"You will find other money—that you can use for your expenses. Now listen. At Rochester—17, Park Avenue—lives Harry Jones, the lawyer."

If you do, it doesn't matter. I expect his head's too hard—"

Genter looked the man now, and, growing accustomed to the darkness, gazed rather than saw the bulk of him. Modestly his hand shot out and grasped the arm of the Frog.

"I've got a gun and I'll shoot," he said between his teeth. "I want you, Frog! I am Inspector Genter, from police headquarters, and if you resist I'll kill you!"

For a second there was a deadly silence. Then Genter felt his pistol-wrist seized in a vice-like grip. He struck out with his other hand, but the man stooped, and the blow fell in the air; and then, with a wrench, the pistol was forced out of the big man's hand and he closed with his prisoner. No going, his face touched the Frog's. Was it a mask he was wearing? And did mica goggles come against his cheek. That accounted for the muffled voice...

Powerful as he was, he could not break away from the arms which encircled him, and they struggled backward and forward in the darkness.

Suddenly the Frog lifted his foot, and Genter, anticipating the kick, spread round. There was a crash of broken glass, and then something came to the detective—a faint but pungent odour. He tried to breathe, but found himself strangling, and his arms fell feebly by his side.

The Frog held him for a minute, and then let the limp figure fall with a thud to the ground. In the morning a London police patrol found the body of Inspector Genter lying in the garden of an empty house, and rang for an ambulance. But a man who has been gassed by the concentrated fumes of a hydraulic press dies very quickly, and Genter had been dead ten seconds after the Frog smashed the thin glass cylinder which he kept in the hut for such emergencies as these.

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Man Who Saw Genter.

Superintendent Wellingtondale reported to the Public Prosecutor's office with a heavy heart. At the sight of the trouble in the old man's face, Dick Gordon dismissed the secretary to whom he had been dictating, and rose to push forward a chair. His keen eyes scrutinising the Police Commissioner as he dropped wearily into it.

"Well, have you any fresh news?" Wellingtondale shook his white head.

"None. Poor Genter was gassed—that fact is established by the doctors. I must leave matters to the committee. I should have had a car ready to follow when he was picked up. But who ever dreamt that a tramp would arrive in a machine?"

"I asked you once before if you had noticed that the figure of the frog is invariably tattooed askew."

Wellingtondale nodded.

"Yes, now that you mention it, the figure is askew. That on poor Genter's wrist is tilted. He must have been killed soon after—"

"At the time," interrupted the other quietly. "The ink was still wet when Genter misguidedly attempted the arrest. He was killed—probably in a room, certainly not in the open. I imagine it was a dark room, because his slayer must have worn a gas mask. And there are bruises on his arm which suggest a struggle."

"How do you know?" asked the other.

"I saw the body half an hour after it was found," replied Mr. Richard Gordon. "Also I saw the car that brought the body from the place where the murder was committed. It was a Ford truck—No. 1X 19475. Driver a bearded man who wore goggles and a long rain-coat. It passed through Hornham at a little after midnight, and nearly ditched me on the outskirts of the town."

The superintendent stared open-mouthed.



## SPORT IN THE SCHOOLS: SHIELD RESULTS.

Div. V.—Hackney 2, Edmonton 1.  
Div. VI.—Yarmouth & Lowestoft 2.  
Div. X.—Clitheroe 2, Burnley 1.  
Second Round—Div. 1.—South London 2, Wat-  
ford 1, Margate 2, South Downs 1, North-  
ampton 1, Greenwich 3.  
Div. III.—Bristol 5, Bath 1.  
Div. IV.—South Birmingham 4, Stafford 1.  
Div. VI.—Wellingborough 1, Northampton 1.  
Div. X.—Barrow-in-Furness 2, Ashton under-  
Lyne 6, Leigh 2, Coppull 2, Manchester  
Liverpool 3, Salford 0, Whitefield and Prest-  
on 0.

[illegible][illegible]

**BOXING.**

I very much enjoyed the boxing at the A.B. Schooling Championships, although, like the majority of the audience, I disagreed with one or two of the decisions. One result was wrongly announced and had to be reversed, and I think of things does not inspire confidence in spectators, especially when, as at these final events, the three are strongly partisan, having each their own bias as to their respective local district representatives.

The arrangements for the comfort of the boys who were competing, too, left much to be desired. Heating went on from 2 p.m. to 10.50 p.m., and this in too long a time to keep boys hanging about in stuffy dressing rooms in the hall. I think that the room should have been heated for over two days, and some arrangement made for paying the expenses of boys who came from a distance.

The London Schools A.B.A., which had taken of all the earlier contests in London, were included by the A.B.A. from participating in the arrangements for the finals. So that the last

**NEWBURY.**

**FRIDAY and SATURDAY,  
28th & 29th December.**

**FIRST RACE EACH DAY AT 1 P.M.**

**Special Trains from Paddington to Couls**  
in 20 minutes. 7/4 return. 1st class 11/6.  
10.42, 11.2, 11.17 Clonsilla city, 11.30, 11.31

A Special Train at Cheap Fares will also run  
day from Acton at 10.30, calling at intermediate  
stations. Special Trains at Cheap Fares will also

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## SPECTATORS TREATED TO GOALS GALORE

## MARKSMEN AIDED BY WEATHER.

## NET FOUND 142 TIMES.

## PENSIONERS SURPRISE THEIR FOLLOWERS.

OWING to the slippery nature of the football grounds yesterday, which greatly handicapped the defenders, scoring was heavy in most of the League matches. Huddersfield, Everton and Tottenham, each finding the net six times, being the highest scorers of the day, while four teams put on five goals each and five beat the opposing goalkeeper on four occasions. The Chelsea crowd had an unusual treat as they saw the Pensioners score three goals and Burnley two.

Altogether the 42 League matches yielded 142 goals, of which the home teams' share was 103. Twenty-five teams won on their own ground, eight visiting sides were successful and eleven games were drawn.

Sunderland were the first team to win at Newcastle this season, and they go up to fifth place, with a fair prospect of approaching still nearer to the leaders.

The chief individual successes of the day were by Chadwick, of Everton, Binks, of Wednesday, Cook, of Brighton Albion, who scored four goals each. Charles Wilson, of Huddersfield, repeated his feat of scoring three times against the Arsenal, and Mills, of Hull City, Bain, of Manchester United, and Haines, of Portsmouth, got three goals each.

Taken together London clubs divided the honours in their matches, except in the matter of goal scoring. West Ham United, Chelsea, Tottenham Hotspur, and Brentford won their matches, the United gaining their first success in seven weeks, and the four to lose were Arsenal, Crystal Palace, Millwall, and Queen's Park Rangers, while Clapton Orient, Fulham, and Charlton Athletic lost their new ground at Clapton drom.

The scoring against the London clubs came out at 25 goals to 14.

ORIENT FAIL TO STAY LUCKY TO SHARE POINTS WITH STOCKPORT.

CLAPTON O. S. STOCKPORT C. 1.

The Orient again showed that they are not a good playing team, for, after setting a hot pace in the first half they overplayed in the closing minutes and must be accounted fortunate to get one point from the match.

In the first half the Orient did most of the attacking, and a little more steadiness in front of goal and a little less ability on the part of Hardy, their centre forward, would have meant a two or three goal lead at the interval.

At the end of the first half the Orient had a goal scored by Green against his old club with a splendid long shot that passed just inside the post at the end of 35 minutes. Hardy, who had been in control in the first half, was very much out of his stride, and he could not be blamed for being beaten on the occasion, and in fact he showed all through the match that he is a really top class keeper.

The early pace had an effect on some of the players, and the last half was not so good as the first, but the visitors were distinctly on top.

Three minutes after resuming Clapton Orient really began to play, and they were very much on top, and they were very much on top, and they were very much on top.

Edgely deflected just sufficiently with his head to beat Wood, and thereafter the Orient defence had a grueling time.

Woodcock, a very useful centre forward, but on the small side, hit the bar with a header following a corner, with Wood at the other end of his net, and on another occasion three visiting forwards somehow managed between them to send wide from about 50 yards.

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## YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL FACTS AND FIGURES AT A GLANCE: THE GOAL SCORERS.

GOAL	SCORER	GOAL	SCORER
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## THE 'SPURS' AWAY SUCCESS.

## BREAK RECORD.

## WIN AT BLACKBURN FOR FIRST TIME.

By AVON.

BLACKBURN ROVERS v. TOTTENHAM H. Tottenham, for the first time in the career, won at Blackburn yesterday, one goal, which came in the first half. Thus they brought off the double win against the Rovers, whose defeat was second sustained at Ewood Park since 1911.

All through the first half Tottenham masters of the situation, and it was not until the second half that the Rovers were able to get on their feet. Tottenham's play was in striking contrast to the Rovers' who were easily checked by Tottenham's defence. Walden played a great game in this period, though the Rovers were at fault in their defence. Tottenham's play was in striking contrast to the Rovers' who were easily checked by Tottenham's defence.

After 45 minutes the 'Spurs' took the lead through Handley, who, receiving the ball from the Rovers' defence, took a shot from a narrow angle. Handley was known out soon after, but quickly recovered. There was little point in the play in the second half, for the Rovers' play was very sloppy, and games could not be accurately placed. Handley was off for a short period at half-back for the time being. As a result the team was disorganised, and when Handley did return he and the Rovers' defence were not able to get on their feet. Tottenham's play was in striking contrast to the Rovers' who were easily checked by Tottenham's defence.

TO some extent the Rovers' experiment of playing Rouse at centre half cost them the points. He was not weighty enough for the position, and his better after changing with Handley. All round the 'Spurs' were the better team, and were full value for the win.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES. SOUTHEND v. EXETER C. S. Southend made two changes, Goodwin going to inside-right and McClelland playing centre. Play was not of a high order during the opening stages, the visitors handicapping the players considerably.

Slater obtained a good point for South end, but the referee disallowed him, and a shot by Dwyer hit the bar when the interval was called.

The inclusion of McClelland in the South end's attack was an improvement, but Goodwin was again woefully weak.

Dorey tried a long drive and the Exeter goalkeeper made a splendid save. This was the best effort we had seen so far, and served a better fate. The Exeter forwards were more effective than the South end's, and were better forward in front of goal.

Edwards was in a splendid game, and was a real find for South end, and on present form is really one of the best in the League. Johnson, the diminutive winger of the South end, was the best forward in front of goal, and was a real find for South end, and on present form is really one of the best in the League.

Play had been in progress only a short time when South end obtained a corner, and having the opportunity, they could not improve on their chances, and several opportunities went begging. Play now deteriorated through feeling creeping in, and the game was a poor one.

The way chances were thrown away was pitiful to watch, and one would not think it possible that professional footballers could be so helpless.

BRIGHTON AND H. v. BOURNEMOUTH. Dull weather, with snow threatening, did not deter quite a good crowd from turning out to watch at Hove.

Bournemouth were at a disadvantage in possession, and the Brighton wingers, Lister taking his place.

The Brighton defence was at all times in a disadvantage, and on resumption the Brighton wingers, Lister taking his place.

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## FULHAM GET A POINT.

## IN AGGRESSIVE MOOD AT NELSON.

By RAMBLER.

NELSON 1, FULHAM 1.

This match was played in bad weather, before a small gate. Nelson fielded the same team that drew at Fulham, but the visitors had many changes from last week.

Fulham started the game and immediately pressed, but Papworth shot weakly from long distance, and after smart work by Wolstenholme, Papworth had another good opening, but he shot over.

Play was scrappy in the first ten minutes, both sides being handicapped by the heavy nature of the ground. Fulham were more aggressive than Nelson, but the latter showed more skill in passing from a corner on the right. Braidwood tested Reynolds with a good header, but the visitors' goalkeeper, Dorey, smartly worked through for Fulham, but shot wide when he had only the custodian to beat.

At the other end McCulloch was very near a goal, but he was prevented by a brilliant save by Nelson. Nelson again attacked, but Edleston shot over.

After half an hour Fulham opened their attack, and Wilson, who had been in the middle of the field, and Papworth dribbled nicely and put in a shot which struck the upright and rolled into the net. Nelson played up strongly after this reverse, but their forwards were weak in front of goal.

On the resumption, Braidwood equalised, heading the ball into the net, which was a very good shot, and finished with a shot that struck the side of the goal.

Exciting play followed, both teams making strenuous efforts to obtain the lead. Nelson made a strong attack on the Fulham goal, and Reynolds brought off a wonderful save from a header by Wolstenholme. Fulham made a spell of pressure, but they could not score.

AT THEIR BEST. BRISTOL ROVERS BRILLIANT AGAINST MILLWALL.

BRISTOL R. 4, MILLWALL 1.

Millwall had Pither for Gore at outside right, and the Rovers also made one change in the team that lost last week, Whitmore being dropped for the first time this season and his place being taken by Walton, who has been playing half-back this season.

The Rovers lost the toss, but they had all the better of the opening play, thanks mainly to Chance and Loftus, their ex-centre forwards, who were very fast, but they had to wait 17 minutes before they got the first goal, and then it was scored by Pither, who beat Crawford following a brilliant cross from Walton.

Millwall played up rather better after this, Kingsley in particular being good, but the Rovers could do no more to force two corners, both of which proved fruitless.

Bristol were much more clever with their feet, and showed better combination, so that they were able to get a second goal, which was scored by Pither, following an accurate centre by Loftus, which deceived the Millwall keeper.

The first half, for before the interval Walton had scored for them.

Millwall were seen to rather better advantage in the second half, but even then their forwards were not so good as those of the Rovers, and they were unable to get a third goal, though they had a good chance, but it was missed by Smith, who tried a drive from 25 yards range, which the Rovers' goalkeeper, who was allowed to slip through his arms, did not allow to slip.

Thereafter the football deteriorated a little, though Chelsea held the upper hand. They made a strong attack, but the Rovers' defence was very good, and they were able to keep the Rovers out of the goal.

The closing minutes of the opening half were crowded with exciting incidents. Wilson made a strong attack, but the Rovers' defence was very good, and they were able to keep the Rovers out of the goal.

TURNING THE TABLES. MERTHYR SHOW IMPROVED FORM AT HOME.

MERTHYR T. 2, QUEEN'S P. R. 0.

A vigorous breakthrough by the visitors' right wing was unproductive, and a similar attempt by the Rovers' left wing was also fruitless.

Mertbyr's attack was checked by Ferrans, who made a strong attack, but the Rovers' defence was very good, and they were able to keep the Rovers out of the goal.

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## CHELSEA'S BEST OF SEASON.

## FAST AND CLEVER GAME AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

By MILFORD.

CHELSEA 3, BURNLEY 2.

Chelsea played their best game of the season in beating Burnley by 3 goals to 2, and the margin in their favour would have been much larger but for a magnificent display in goal by the veteran, Jerry Dawson, who made his 50th appearance for his club, and must still rank as one of the few really great custodians in the country.

Chelsea took the lead after play had been in progress only 8 minutes, and the goal was scored by a brilliant header by Wilson, who had been in the middle of the field, and Papworth dribbled nicely and put in a shot which struck the upright and rolled into the net.

The Chelsea goal came in an unusual manner. The home team were being heavily pressed, but a big clearance found Cavell in possession, and a long pass went straight forward to the Rovers' goalkeeper, who was allowed to slip through his arms, did not allow to slip.

The Chelsea defence was inclined to leave the visiting forwards too much scope, and they were able to get a second goal, which was scored by Pither, following an accurate centre by Loftus, which deceived the Millwall keeper.

The first half, for before the interval Walton had scored for them.

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